Strings of the Mind

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Strings of the Mind

by Wink_Wonk_Wank_Wenk

Summary

Will’s gift is also a curse, an omega so sensitive to pheromones he can feel their producer’s feelings, their desires. Along with their desires, he feels his own grow, bloodlust swelling inside of him and threatening to spill from his hands. To combat this, he’s been sent by Jack to a therapist- one who’s a bit too curious about him for his liking, who’s gaze makes him feel oddly exposed, and his scent makes Will’s urges peek through the cracks that he’s carefully sealed over and over.

It was only a matter of time before he crumbled.

Notes

Omegaverse demons won

Anyways, I'm writing this for fun, small plot plan, we ball

Better explanation of Will's gift in this fic:
-Instead of his empathy being high, he's really sensitive to pheromones. This allows him to guess the feelings of the killer due to pheromones being emitted at different levels during different moods. He uses this to profile but sometimes it triggers his own pheromones and can cause him to go into heat/into a fit of violence from stress

See the end of the work for more notes

“What do you see?”

A tall man with oddly colored eyes, high cheekbones, and dirty-blonde hair dressed in a fine coat and pair of slacks that were long enough to cover his ankles and the top of his dress shoes. He smells…a bit strange, a bit too refined. Ordinary, nothing else of note greets Will’s eyes or nose and he turns away, standing slowly with an annoyed sigh.

“I don’t find you that interesting.” His eyes shift to Jack as he grabs a stack of folders off of his desk, “I’ll be leaving now.”

“Hold on, Will-”

“I have things to do, Jack.” He says it with a grunt as he pulls open the office door, stepping out without another word. He leaves behind a trail of irritated pheromones, pushing his glasses up the bridge of his nose when he notices the Alpha’s around him staring.

He was overstepping, Will didn’t need him questioning his mental state. Will was *fine* , a bit on edge at times, a bit paranoid, but fine. He didn’t need to speak to some posh Alpha shrink who stared at him like he was some kind of specimen the moment he walked through the door. Will marches out of the building and to his car, sitting in it with a click of his teeth as he tosses the folders down onto his passenger seat. He had better things to do than focus on his mental health, he needed to preserve all his energy until this task was done.

Until the Chesapeake Ripper was in cuffs.

Feel him, that’s what Will needed to focus on doing so he could solve the latest scene. He pulled a photo from a folder, calloused thumb tracing the arch of the person’s back as they lay spiked on elk antlers. At peace, he smiles while looking into their glazed over eyes, the victim’s skin without a blemish or bruise from his attack-

“This is my design.” He whispers while taking a long draw, sensing the pheromones of the culprit.

Crisp, pungent, the killer is an Alpha for sure. A male, Will can tell by the strength of the scent. Sure, female Alphas can have a strong odor but not like this, it’s too…intense. He keeps his eyes closed as he steps foot into the photo, every step closer to the mutilated body giving him another hint about the cause of the oddly sterile scene. The victim was a Beta this time, missing her heart and lungs and impaled with elk antlers. It’s beautiful, eerie, grotesque, but beautiful. The Ripper’s murders are art pieces, so many in the forensic morgue it feels like walking through a gallery. Each body in the same post yet unique, all missing different parts, sometimes missing features. Will reaches out to touch a spineless one, his smile mirroring the one the killer had as he holds the limp body. Still warm, the meat is fresh for harvest-

A knock on his car window makes him jump, pulling him out of focus and forcing his smile into a frown. Outside stands the Alpha he had left in Jack’s office, the man casually giving him a small wave and motioning for him to lower his window. He debates driving off but for

the sake of showing good manners he obliges. His jaw clenches as the window sinks away, eyes flitting up to meet the stranger's.

"Forgive me for interrupting-" He's not forgiven, "-But Jack would like for you to do your first session with me today."

"I'd rather not," he says with a quiet voice and hands squeezing his steering wheel. He refuses to meet Hannibal's gaze again, guarded and compact in the driver's seat. "I'm not interested in telling a complete stranger about what Jack views as my gifted visions."

"He doesn't seem to mind such visions when it aids him." Hannibal raises a brow when Will perks up a bit, his scent wafting into Will's car and clogging it, teasing his senses. "Forgive me if I've said something offensive, I was just making a mental note."

"Usually those are kept silent, you know, kept in the mind." WIll sheepishly rubs the nape of his neck, unlocking the passenger door thanks to an odd instinct to let the man in. Stupid, he shouldn't, but for some reason he *wants* to. How strange, how annoying. He waits for the man to settle beside him before speaking, "Let's get this over with."

"You don't seem too eager to be acquainted." Hannibal tilts his head curiously, like a dog does when a bell rings. "Tell me why."

"Don't psychoanalyze me-" Will realizes he doesn't even know the man's name, the realization making him fall silent as his cheeks flush. How embarrassing, maybe he should've listened when the two Alphas were chatting away in Jack's office earlier. "-Sir."

"Now, there's no need to be so formal." His voice is silky, soothing like his slight smile as he leans in. "While these sessions are meant to be professional, it'd be best if we treated them like casual conversation, an *exploration* , if you will."

"I'm not very adventurous."

"Then how about we start with a topic familiar to you." Hannibal looks at the folder he had moved to sit down, "Is this what you've been working on?"

Will simply nods his head, still disgruntled his investigation was interrupted by the Alpha beside him. His scent is sinking into the fabric lining the seats of his car, he'll have to spray something to get it out later. It's not a bad smell, just an unwelcome one, a breach into Will's personal space. It's musky, annoyingly…masculine? The man smells like his second gender, strong, sharp. Will covers his nose with his hand in an attempt to mask the man's scent but it's no use, he'll just have to deal with it for now. He was up to date on his suppressants, he made sure to take one a day despite their effects no longer being effective. He needed to bring that up with his psychiatrist-

Right, this new guy was his new one.

"It must take quite a toll on you to look at these." Hannibal hands him the folder, the tips of their fingers brushing together and Will quickly pulls away from the contact. "Is my presence making you uneasy?"

“Your presence isn’t the biggest problem.” Will sounds congested, palm firmly pressed against his nose now as his stomach churns. “Your scent is…arousing.”

He smiles and leans in closer, resting his head on his hand as Will turns away. He’s both bashful and blatantly antisocial, how intriguing. If it weren’t for his pheromones one would assume he was an Alpha, his features a bit too jagged to be considered smooth but too angled to be round. A beard made of fuzzy stubble decorates his chin and upper lip, connecting to a head of thick curls that were tempting Hannibal to touch them. He would with time, he trusted they’d get closer with time, he’d make sure of it.

Will was going to be his mate.

He had been watching him for some time now, from the shadows of the scenes he had sculpted with his scalpel. Will would always wander off from the rest of the group, always ending up alone. Hannibal would watch his nose twitch, his eyes close, and admire the way his features relaxed as he explored the scene…in his mind. Fascinating, he could rebuild and take it apart over and over, finding clues the FBI wouldn’t take seriously when they would eventually solve the entire case. This sense of smell, this empathy- all of it was fueling the curiosity burning in his mind. He needed to sate it, *solve* it, figure out what this omega possessed that made him want to chase him around town and eventually into his embrace.

“If you’re done staring at me, you can leave.” Will’s the one interrupting now, pulling Hannibal out of his daydream and back into the chill reality of Will’s distaste for him. “I have things to do besides sit here and let you pick my brain.”

“Very well.” Hannibal steps out of the car, leaving the door ajar until Will finally looks at him. He hands him his card with a smile that isn’t returned, “I’ll call you around six to schedule our first real session.”

“And if I don’t answer?”

“You will.”

Who does he think he is? Will doesn’t follow commands, not from anyone, okay maybe from Jack but that doesn’t count. Jack is his boss, the one keeping him from being put in an asylum, and the one who lets him continue teaching. Jack was one of the few tolerable Alphas in the world, and this strange Dr. Lecter seemed to be insistent on joining him on the mental list in Will’s mind. He kept showing up to Will’s classes, watching him lecture students with sparkling eyes that made him stumble over his words at times but then Hannibal would give him an encouraging smile and he’d regain his ability to speak. Embarrassing, students were starting to whisper about the two of them, the two’s status of being unmated a reason Will’s students kept asking him if he was being courted. Ridiculous, that would be beyond unprofessional.

So why was Will starting to hope it would happen?

Time had passed and he found himself wanting Hannibal’s company, the omega having a special chair in the Alpha’s office- his desk. He’d sit on it and talk with Hannibal over his favorite snacks- treats Hannibal brought *just* for him.

“How did you know I like these?” He always keeps a good distance from Hannibal, fearing what he’ll say if he gets too close. He’s holding a pear, slicing it with a scalpel he had casually picked up off of one of Hannibal’s books. There was a red stain on it, one that smells metallic but Will couldn’t find the courage to ask him about it so he pushed the thought away- or he tried to, but then he accidentally slit his palm and let out a pained whine. “ *Dammit!* ”

“Careful,” Hannibal’s coo calms him down. The Alpha gently wraps his hand around Will’s wrist, examining the shallow cut after applying pressure with one of his handkerchiefs. “The blade is vintage, made of damascus steel I harvested and shaped myself.”

“You’ve been in a mine?” Talking distracts him from the searing pain of the cut, his eyes watering from the sting.

“I’ve lived many lives, Will.” Hannibal reaches into the drawer of his desk and pulls out a mini med-kit, setting it down while pushing Will back farther on the desk. He smiles at his obedience when he motions for him to sit, “Would you like to hear about them?”

Hannibal’s stories range from small tales of his cooking to stories about dodging nuns at the orphanage he was in as a child. He’s really just talking to keep silence from stalking them, oblivious to Will hanging onto every word he’s deemed dull. For an Alpha, his life seemed quiet, the man telling Will about his latest read while bandaging his hand. He finishes his final story with a soft smile, pressing his lips against Will’s palm.

“That should feel a lot better now.” His scent surrounds Will, sneaking into his nose, his mind- *pulling* him closer as Hannibal leans down. “Doesn’t it?”

He’d be lying if he said he wasn’t at least a little bit interested in the Alpha, after all, he had been so kind to him. He had listened to his theories, his ramblings on the Ripper, even given him bits of advice that actually sounded useful unlike the wasteful riddles his previous therapists had tried to sate him with. Hannibal’s riddles were worth solving, complex but simple. Thanks to him, he was much closer to catching the copycat of the Ripper that had spawned when their sessions first started. Not only was he a good listener, he comforted Will when needed, when the omega called him after nightmares in the dead of night. Dr. Lecter was good to him, *sweet* to him, greeting him every day with a gift that was sent to his classroom before students arrived. Today’s gift was a chocolate pear tart set in a pretty box wrapped with a perfect bow, a note inside with words Will couldn’t translate, unsure what language they were even in.

<u>Mano meilė tau auga kiekvieną dieną</u>

“Well hello, Will Graham.” A grating voice from the door distracts him from inhaling the pheromones on the note, his head still spinning from Hannibal’s scent. “Would you mind giving me an interview?”

Freddie Lounds.

“How did you get in?” His pheromones spike, a quiet growl rumbling in his throat. She’s not a physical threat but her writing might as well be, her articles constantly poking holes into his

reputation. Last week she wrote he was going through an episode of heat sickness because someone she had gotten pictures of him collapsing at a crime scene, her readers now left to think he was some kind of empty shell who was in dire need of an Alpha or he'd fall apart. She wasn't far from the truth, but she didn't need to know that. "What are you after this time?"

"I already told you, I just want an interview." Her heels click against the ground as she walks up to his desk, "Don't tell me you're still mad about what I wrote a few days ago. New week, new me."

"If I didn't want to talk to the old you why would I want to deal with the latest model-"

"Because I've got pictures of your mate with another."

"I'm not mated," Will says quietly. It's taboo to be this old without a partner, he's aware, he didn't need her to raise a brow at him over it. She probably had dug into his past and found the failed marriage he had with Molly and assumed they had formed a bond, but Molly never marked it. She had been inside of him the same way Alana had, both women leaving him after. He shouldn't dwell on that now, not when Freddie was watching his every move, every shift of his expression. "You have the wrong idea."

"I don't think I do." Her smile is a veil for the snarl she's hiding, her face no different than a cunning fox's in Will's eyes. She always smells like mischief, sour, like the tart Will has started to taste. Her eyes drop to it, then the note beside it and she snatches it before he can stop her. " *Hm* , no mate yet this looks like a love letter…and sent with a sweet treat? Will Graham, who's courting you?"

End Notes

I have a server that I need more Hannigram people in:
https://discord.gg/ZqJgfm43xH

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